

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

The Road to Grumbletown.

'T is quite a straight and easy road
That leads to Grumbletown,
And those who wish can always find
A chance to journey down.

'Tis customary for the trip
To choose a rainy day—
When weather's fine one's not so apt
To care to go that way.

Just keep down Fretful Lane until
You come to Sulky Stile,
Where travelers often like to rest
In silence for a while.

And then cross over Pouting Bridge,
Where Don't Care Brook flows
down,
And just a little way beyond
You come to Grumbletown.

From what I learn, this Grumble-
town
Is not a pleasant place;
One never hears a cheerful word,
Or sees a smiling face;

The children there are badly spoiled
And sure to fret and tease,
And all the grown-up people, too,
Seem cross and hard to please.

The weather rarely is just right
In this peculiar spot;
'T is either raining all the time,
Or else too cold, or hot.

The brooks are stupid as can be;
The games are dull and old;
There's nothing new and nothing
nice
In Grumbletown, I'm told.

And so I've taken pains, my dears,
The easiest road to show,
That you may all be very sure
You never, never go!
—Ellen Manly in November St.
Nicholas.

A Field-Mouse and Her Babies.

Last week, as I was walking through a piece of woodland, I found a family of white-footed mice in an old cat-bird's nest in a tangle of greenbriers. The nest was roofed over with cedar bark, and I suspected that it might have a tenant, so I shook the bushes gently, and out of a small round hole in the side a little, sharp-pointed, whiskered head was poked, and a pair of large black eyes seemed to inquire what all the disturbance was about. I answered by shaking the briers a little more, and now the head was followed by the whole body of a very graceful mouse, who took a seat among the twigs near the nest, and calmly washed her face with her front paws. Her upper parts were yellowish brown, being brightest along the sides, but underneath, even to the tips of her delicate toes, she was pure white. Her tail, which was long and silky hung straight down. She seemed in no hurry to leave the place, but when I attempted to advance, she ran lightly down, and disappeared among the dead leaves. I put the tip of my finger into the round hole in the nest, and I felt something jump. I made the opening a little larger, and took out four small blind mice, whose upper parts were lead-gray, and whose under parts were white like their mother's. Very often, however, a white-footed mouse will not let one get so close a

view of her babies. I have often known the mother to dash out of the nest with all her young ones clinging to her nipples, and disappear before I had time to count them.—November Woman's Home Companion.

Some Favorite Authors.

The following literary conundrums are found in the October Woman's Home Companion. The answers will appear in next week's Progressive Farmer:

1—What poet does a girl wear on her head in winter? 2—What writer is a hedge and part of a hedge? 3—What author does a man give up first when he falls in love? 4—What poet is discovered if you dig in the ground and find water? 5—What poet is very tall? 6—What writer is healthy and robust? 7—What writer is pale and thin from want and suffering? 8—What author is very rapid? 9—What woman writer is a room in a hospital? 10—What author represents what every one does when they get the daily paper? 11—What poet is the ague and a dagger? 12—What author would you like to eat for breakfast? 13—What author is always followed by a question mark? 14—What author represents a boat-ride? 15—What historian represents a building for horses? 16—What Kansas author is like the snow? 17—What author gets on your toe? 18—What author is made of a twisted rope or chain? 19—What poet is the place where a battle is fought? 20—What author made his mark twice? 21—What woman author is peevish and fretful? 22—What late author was an article of a man's apparel? 23—What author does a child name when she begs her mother to give her something? 24—What poet is holy?

Keep a Clean Mouth.

A distinguished author says: "I resolved, when I was a child, never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother." He kept his resolution, and became a pure-minded, noble, honored gentleman. His rule and example are worthy of imitation.

Boys readily learn a class of low, vulgar words and expressions, which are never heard in respectable circles. Of course we cannot think of girls as being so much exposed to this peril. We cannot imagine a decent girl using words she would not utter before her father or mother.

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Such vulgarity is thought by some boys to be "smart," the "next thing to swearing," and yet "not wicked;" but it is a habit which leads to profanity, and fills the mind with evil thoughts. It vulgarizes and degrades the soul, and prepares the way for many of the gross and fearful sins which now corrupt society.

Young readers, keep your mouths free from all impurity, and your "tongue from evil;" but in order to do this, ask Jesus to cleanse your heart and keep it clean, for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."—The Standard.

God is a good worker, but he loves to be helped.—Basque Proverb.

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Onion Sets! Onion Sets!

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